

TO THE
MEMORY

Of the Right Reverend Father in GOD, 840. h. 4.
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FRANCIS GASTRELL,

DOCTOR in DIVINITY, 23

OF THE

University of OXFORD,

And, by Divine PROVIDENCE,

Lord Bishop of CHESTER.

*The Memory of the Just is blessed ; but the Name of the
Wicked shall rot. PROV. X. 7.*



LONDON:

Printed and Sold by J. ROBERTS, in Warwick-Lane. 1726.

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FRANCIS GASTRELL,

Lord Bishop of C H E S T E R.



SING a Prelate good, unbodied now,

Nor longer Angel of the Church below;

Enthron'd Triumphant! May the Lines be free

From sordid Hope, and servile Flattery.

Such Views, if known, this happy Saint
[wou'd move

To shake his radiant Head, and frown Above.

gen'rous Plainness thro' the Verse be shown,

Truth without Fear, and Roughness like his Own:

Roughness by none despis'd, by most rever'd;
By Fools avoided, and by Villains fear'd.

While GASTRELL's Praises fill the hallow'd Strair,
Far hence Ye False, Ye Vicious, Ye Profane!
Whoe'er can Virtue out of Place despise,
And sneak Inglorious, when Ye stoop to Rise;
Whoe'er for Int'rest have Your Honour Sold,
And truck'd Your Conscience, or Your Friend for Gold:
Whoe'er, with changing Factions, change Your Minds,
And veer Obsequious to the shifting Winds;
Or shun to read, or reading scoff his Name,
And where you mean him Scandal, give him Fame.

Ye Sacred Founts, whence Truth and Learning spring,
At once accept, and witness what I Sing.
Mean Poet I, to bid in Numbers rise
GASTRELL the Learn'd, the Pious, and the Wise!
By Cam's and Isis' grateful Sons approv'd;
By ANNE promoted, and by HARLEY lov'd.

Him, *Isis* early blest with calm Retreat,
 Where Arts ingenious fix'd their happy Seat;
 Where LAUD of Old intrepid rul'd the Gown;
 Where FELL presided, and where ALDRICH shone:
 Studious in Youth, here learn'd He to excell,
 And gain'd the Wisdom he employ'd so well.
 Whether his nervous Eloquence he show'd,
 T'assert creating and presiding GOD,
 Author and End of All; whose Will is Fate,
 Almighty to Revenge, as to Create:
 Or CHRIST, his consecrated Pen require,
 Coæval Son descending from the Sire;
 Whom Ransom for his Foes the Father gave,
 Who liv'd to teach us, and who dy'd to save.
 From Truth to Truth the solid Reas'ner goes,
 Nor Fraud can 'scape him, nor can Force oppose;
 And Earth and Hell may try their Arts in vain,
 To break one Link of th' Adamantine Chain.

Hear him, when Learning seems his Voice to need,
 For Academic Honours boldly plead;
 Mindful of Truth, as mindless of Applause,
 With Strength and Candour worthy of his Cause.
 Long may those Bulwarks of Religion stand,
 True to the Mitred Head, and Sceptred Hand,
 To future Times let HYDE Immortal tell,
 How bravely once they stood, how nobly fell.
 When Viper Sects our Parent Church subdu'd,
 And Traytor CROMWELL gorg'd himself with Blood;
 Nor less distinguish'd Courage dar'd they show,
 Against a diff'rent, but an equal Foe.
 Their Worthies stemm'd the Tide in Danger's Hour,
 Against the Papal, as the Rebel Power:
 In Youth, for Firmness to the Sire, undone,
 In Hoary Age, ejected by the Son.
 In vain each Shape the subtle Serpent tries,
 With Schism would tear, with Heresy surprize.

Where JANE or POTTER trac'd the latent Snare;
 Where JAMES and BEAUMONT fill'd the Sacred Chair,
 And worthy fill'd: such Foreign Lands may style
 Justly the Glories of BRITANNIA'S Isle.
 Whate'er self-praising Pedants idly say,
 More proud of Ign'rance than of Learning They
 Let thrifty Atheists vote their Charters down,
 Let Faction storm, and Superstition frown:
 Let glitt'ring Beaus their little Wits engage,
 And well-drest Vandals barbarously rage.
 The more the Wise admire, convinc'd the more
 The Banks are needful when the Billows roar.

A Spoiler once possess'd the BRITISH Throne,
 Who cur'd the Church's Av'rice by his own;
 Scatter'd to Priests or Death or Famine round,
 Reform'd the Ancient Temples to the Ground:
 Yet Puritanick Saints some Gleanings met,
 And what the Hail had spar'd, the Locusts eat.

This **A N. N. A** deign'd with pitying Eye to see
 Supreme alike in Pow'r and Piety!
 In Desarts wild the Prophet's, Sons **S H E** fed, :
 And made the hungry Ravens bring them Bread;
 And wisely lib'ral rais'd their growing Store,
 Nor plunder'd from the Rich, to feed the Poor!
 How wide diffus'd the Charity extends,
 When what the Prince begins, the Prelate ends!
 For see the Loaves which **G A S T R E L L**'s Hands divide,
 Almost by Miracle are multiply'd.
 At once by Precept and Example led,
 From Breast to Breast infectious Bounty spread.
 The Deist scarce from offering could with-hold,
 And Misers wonder'd they should part with Gold;
 Who grudge the smallest Mite to Churches giv'n,
 And count it Loss on Earth, to gain in Heav'n.

Nor Gifts nor Wealth th' Apostles need require,
 When God descending crown'd their Heads with Fire:

Subjected Nature's Course to their Commands,
 Inspir'd their Lips, and acted by their Hands;
 Thro' palsy'd Limbs fresh blooming Vigour shed,
 And spake the Dead alive, and Living dead.
 No Pow'rs like these their Successors can claim,
 Tho' yet their Gospel, and their God the same:
 The noblest Preachers only now present
 The calm still Wonder of a Life well-spent:
 Such GASTRELL liv'd, on Duty bent alone,
 Studious to profit All, but flatter None:
 List'ning attentive to the Wretches' Cry,
 The Griefs low-whisper'd, and the stifled Sigh.
 When gath'ring Storms would touch his Soul with Fear,
 Unmov'd, tho' Peals of Thunder struck his Ear:
 Careful by Works his Faith unfeign'd to prove,
 By Zeal unshaken, and unwearied Love;
 For tend'rest Love and warmest Zeal agree;
 Nay Zeal well-bounded turns to Charity,

That cheers the faint, bright-shining from afar,
 And guides to JESUS like the Wisemen's Star!
 O! would th' Incarnate GOD to Prelates give,
 To All like Him to write, like Him to live!
 So Faith Divine might wider Beams display,
 And win resitless o'er the World its Way:
 So *Rome* the Gospel uncorrupt might own;
 And haughty Pontiffs vail their Triple Crown.
 The frozen North might Bishops' Thrones befriend,
 And far as *Thule* to the Mitre bend!
 Cautious and strict, what Stedfastness he show'd,
 Ordaining Servants for the Courts of GOD!
 Thither thro' him no Feet unhallow'd came,
 The Pass was guarded with a Sword of Flame.
 No Criminals his awful Looks could bear,
 Who fled to shelter, not to worship there:
 Far let them fly, and seek in distant Lands,
 For less intrepid Hearts, and meaner Hands.

Nor Frown, nor Smile, nor Terror, nor Reward,
 Mov'd him the Saviour's Church to disregard:
 Almost as soon might PETER'S Zeal have sold
 His heav'nly Pow'rs for perishable Gold;
 At Mammon's Beck dispens'd Ætherial Fire,
 And made Apostles for a Wizard's Hire.
 Some future Poet rise, the Prelate's Praise
 Record sublime in ever-during Lays;
 To deathless Ages give his Fame declar'd:
 Such Heat coelestial fir'd the glowing Bard,
 For DAVID'S Heir his Harp when PRIOR strung,
 For POPE with noblest Flight MESSIAH sung.
 His Glory thus preserv'd by Lays Divine,
 A Song coeval with the World might shine;
 When Gusts of Passion sink, no more to rise,
 And Envy mould'ring with his Ashes lies:
 When Charms of present Int'rest shall decay,
 And Faction's less'ning Murmurs die away:

When Virtue shall no more be deem'd a Crime;
 But Truth emerging triumph over Time.
 So when of Old, a Patriot great and good,
 In *Rome* imperious or in *Athens* proud;
 Some sore Affront to Clowns or Tribunes gave,
 And scorn'd to flatter whom he fought to save;
 His hated Worth they doom'd by publick Voice,
 And Banishment or Death was all the Choice.
 Too late convinc'd their Rashness they deplor'd,
 And whom they judg'd before, they now ador'd;
 By Crowns and Statues vain Repentance show'd,
 And voted the Condemn'd into a God.

GASTRELL the Art of Courts disdain'd to know,
 And the smooth Polish of a fawning Brow;
 His Tongue refus'd the subtle Statesman's Part,
 And spoke the genuine Language of his Heart:
 Fearless of pow'rful Anger's threatening Eye,
 Too plain to double, and too brave to lye.

Those slavish abject Souls he scorn'd severe,
 Who count Promotion never bought too dear;
 Who ply for Years the meanest, basest Toil,
 Pleas'd with a Nod, transported with a Smile:
 Practise th' obeisant Cringe, th' expecting Face,
 And watch each Turn of Whimsy in his Grace.
 To ev'ry favour'd Liv'ry they can see
 Who crook the supple Hinges of the Knee;
 Hard lab'ring on their worthless Heads to set
 A Mitre Menial to a Coronet.

His Loyalty from genuine Motives flow'd,
 True to his Prince, as faithful to his God.
 Him solemn Oaths could tie, tho' unconfin'd
 By Bonds of Int'rest base, or Passion blind:
 By meaner Views while vulgar Subjects steer,
 And fix Allegiance, as they hope or fear;
 Whom Rays of Favour must to Duty charm,
 Those who in Sun-shine bask may well be warm.

If plac'd on high they rule the Common-weal,
 And well-paid Pensions recompense their Zeal:
 But let the much-lov'd Sov'reign please to frown,
 And coldly cast these zealous Servants down,
 Down sinks the Weather-Glass; no more they praise,
 But lose their Duty, when they lose their Place.
 So common Trees their annual Dress put on,
 Cheer'd by the vernal Show'rs and Summer Sun;
 While smiling Seasons last, they flourish fair,
 But stormy Autumn leaves them dead or bare:
 Not so the Laurel's constant Green we find,
 Careless of fav'ring Sun, or adverse Wind,
 Holds its Leaf, when wintry Tempests blow,
 And keeps its Verdure underneath the Snow.
 The Prelate doom'd in Exile sad to rove,
 Forgive, Ye Great Ones, for I still must Love!)
 Yet yet the Thunder from its Cloud was fled,
 And lanc'd the Lightning pointed at his Head,

ound GASTRELL firm an En'my to defend;

let Cowards leave, and Villains crush a Friend:

No conscious Guilt in common Danger ty'd,

No partial Favour warp'd him to his Side.

You that in Pomp of Grandeur strut your Hour,

A bright Meridian of an envied Pow'r,

Try all your Friends, of ev'ry Rank and Kind,

Man like this amid your Thousands find:

For Levées throng'd his Equal can supply;

For Honours gain you, nor Exchequers buy.

When Loss of best-lov'd Friends ordain'd to know,

Next Pain and Guilt the greatest Ill below;

For vain the Hope which Mortal Breath supplies,

Since OXFORD yields to Fate, and ANNA dies!!

Heav'd, not dismay'd, to Providence resign'd;

For Death he courted, nor at Life repin'd.

No Crowds before him slept, from Toils releas'd;

And pious SMALRICH had retir'd to rest.

Nor fear'd, had Heav'n decreed it, to have stood
Adverse against a World, and singly good.

So brave NASSAU oppos'd the *Gallick* Reign,
And found the *Belgian* Moles and Ramparts vain;
For less the Task, old Ocean's Rage to guide,
Than stem the Fury of Ambition's Tide.
Dauntless tho' foil'd, and tho' out-numb' red bold,
Unaw'd by Faction, and unbrib'd by Gold,
No Spot of Earth unfought the Hero gave,
No; till his Foes had earn'd it, not a Grave
Late in the farthest Dyke resolv'd to lie,
Till Then to battle, and but There to die.

F I N I S.

